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MICHIGAN FARMER.

DETROIT, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1887.

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WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 229,778 bu., against 200,557 bu., the previous week and 423,468 bu. for corresponding week in 1886. Shipments for the week were 282,278 bu., against 250,421 bu., the previous week and 423,468 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 721,129 bu., against 771,582 bu. last week and 1,660,303 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The visible supply of this grain on Aug. 27 was 30,572,750 bu., against 31,998,933 bu. the previous week, and 41,385,092 bu. for the corresponding week in 1886. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 1,425,843 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending Aug. 27 were 2,194,850 bushels, against 2,942,332 the previous week, and for the previous eight weeks they were 21,338,579 bu., against 14,706,942 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1886.

After a couple of days of depression early in the week, values became stronger, and advanced on both spot and futures. The market continued strong up to the close on Friday, but on Saturday the market ruled weak all day, with prices, however, closing at higher points than a week ago. Spot wheat is in fair demand, and is stronger than futures. No. 1 white is still scarce, and maintains its position very steadily. Sales during the week aggregated 1,341,000 bu. of spot and futures against 1,024,000 bu. the previous week.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat in this market from Aug. 10 to Sept. 3d inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Aug. 10	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 11	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 12	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 13	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 14	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 15	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 16	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 17	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 18	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 19	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 20	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 21	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 22	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 23	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 24	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 25	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 26	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 27	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 28	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 29	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 30	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Aug. 31	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Sept. 1	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Sept. 2	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2
Sept. 3	70 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2

The No. 2 red closing prices on the various dates each day of the past week were as follows:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Monday	74 1/2	73 1/2	72 1/2
Tuesday	74 1/2	73 1/2	72 1/2
Wednesday	74 1/2	73 1/2	72 1/2
Thursday	74 1/2	73 1/2	72 1/2
Friday	74 1/2	73 1/2	72 1/2
Saturday	74 1/2	73 1/2	72 1/2

Shells will have to import more wheat than usual owing to a light crop.

The crop in South Russia is reported to be fairly yield and of good quality.

Austria, Hungary and Switzerland have good wheat crops this season.

The English agricultural department has issued an estimate of the wheat crop in Great Britain. It says the area under wheat this year shows a smaller increase than had been expected—only 31,457 acres, or 2.4 per cent compared with 1886; while it shows a decrease of 169,955 acres, or 0.5 per cent compared with 1886. Adding about 70,000 acres for Ireland, the total wheat of the United Kingdom in 1887 is about 2,327,000 acres. The latest reports are relatively to the yield are less favorable, the variability in quality and weight becoming more pronounced as threshing progresses, the effect of the long drought and premature ripening of the grain counteracting to a considerable extent the extraordinary yields obtained in some favored sections of the country. The average yield is variously estimated at from 30 to 32 bushels per acre. The general opinion apparently being that it will be close to 32 bushels, which, if reached, will give a crop of approximately 76,564,000 bush., of which, after deducting seed, about 70,000,000 bush. will be available for food and manufacturers, leaving 6,564,000 bush. to be imported during the year just commenced. It is probable that the consumption of wheat will be rather larger this year than last, as wheat is cheap and a good deal is likely to be used for stock, feed stuff being deficient,

and potatoes small and below an average crop.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending Aug. 27, 1887, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 300,000 bu., of which 140,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 120,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cabled, amounted to 500,000 bush., of which 240,000 went to the United Kingdom and 260,000 bu. to the Continent. The total shipments from April 1, 1887, beginning of the crop year, have been 20,460,000, including 10,310,000 bushels to the United Kingdom, 10,200,000 to the Continent. The wheat on passage from India Aug. 16 was estimated at 5,192,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 6,472,000 bu. Recent exports of wheat from India have been comparatively small, owing to several causes—deficiency in the last crop, exhaustion of old stocks, high local prices, and perhaps a fear that the rains will be inadequate for a good yield at the next harvest, in which event there would be another famine.

The following table shows the quantity of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage to Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	31,998,533
On passage for United Kingdom	15,861,433
On passage for Continent of Europe	4,010,000
Total	51,869,966
Total bushels Aug. 30, 1887	51,905,500
Total bushels Aug. 30, 1886	53,022,000
Total two weeks ago	52,525,000
Total Aug. 25, 1886	60,756,852

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending Aug. 27 were 645,400 bu. more than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Aug. 13 the receipts are estimated to have been 2,524,048 bu. less than the consumption.

The Liverpool market on Saturday was quiet with light demand. Quotations on American wheat were 6s. 7d. @ 6s. 9d. per cental for California; 6s. 3d. @ 6s. 4d. for No. 2 winter, and 6s. 1d. @ 6s. 2d. for No. 3 spring.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 19,116 bu., against 5,808 bu. the previous week, and 21,391 bu. for the corresponding week in 1886. Shipments for the week were 4,595 bu., against 497 bu. the previous week, and 9,194 bu. for the corresponding week in 1886. The visible supply of corn in the country on August 27 amounted to 6,373,905 bu., against 6,103,143 bu. the previous week, and 11,770,370 bu. at the same date in 1886. The visible supply shows an increase during the week indicated of 299,763 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 19,081 bu., against 65,190 bu. last week and 17,329 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The export clearances for Europe during the week ending Aug. 27 were 597,921 bu., against 151,888 bu. for the previous week; and for the previous eight weeks they were 2,863,957 bushels against 4,751,874 bushels for the corresponding week in 1886. Spot corn is in fair demand and firm, with values higher than a week ago. No. 2 spot is selling at 45 1/2¢ per bu., and for September delivery at 44¢; No. 3 and 4 at 43 1/2¢. This market closed steady, although reports from western points were unfavorable. Chicago was weak because it was believed the crop was new free from danger from frost, and a heavy increase in receipts was reported as likely in the first part of the present week. Still the range is slightly above prices reported last week. Spot No. 2 sold there on Saturday at 40 1/2¢, September delivery at 40 1/2¢, October at 41 1/2¢, November at 41 1/2¢, and May at 44 1/2¢. By sample No. 2 yellow sold at 42 1/2¢ @ 42 3/4¢, 41 1/2¢ for No. 3 yellow, 41 1/2¢ @ 41 3/4¢ for No. 2, and 40 1/2¢ @ 41 1/2¢ for No. 3. New York was dull and rather weak on Saturday. Toledo was dull but steady at 43 1/2¢ for No. 2 spot, and 46¢ for May delivery. At Liverpool the week closed with prices a shade lower and only a fair demand at the decline. The following are the latest cable quotations: Spot mixed, 4s. 1 1/2¢ per cental; September, delivery, 4s. 1 1/2¢; October, 4s. 2 1/2¢, and November at 4s. 3 1/2¢.

OATS.

The receipts at this port for the week were 38,816 bu., against 50,568 bu. the previous week, and 50,987 bu. for the corresponding week last week. The shipments for the week were 26,318 bu., against 10,360 bu. the previous week, and 47,260 bu. for same week in 1886. The visible supply of this grain on Aug. 27 was 4,780,723 bu., against 4,437,001 bu. the previous week, and 4,444,573 at the corresponding date in 1886. The visible supply shows an increase of 343,722 bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held in store here amount to 47,486 bu., against 65,190 bu. the previous week, and 85,885 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The export clearances for Europe for the week were nothing against nothing the previous week, and for the previous eight weeks they were 83,640 bu., against 329,467 bu. for the same weeks in 1886. The demand is fairly good for spot and deliveries for September, with values a shade better than a week ago. No. 2 white sold at 29 1/2¢, and No. 1 mixed at 30 1/2¢. Some sales of No. 1 white for September delivery were made at 29 1/2¢, from which it appears dealers look for a decline, although we can see nothing in the prospect which ought to cause it. At Chicago oats closed dull and lower, the decline affecting all grades and both spot and futures. Spot No. 3 are quoted there at 23 1/2¢, September delivery at 24 1/2¢, October at 25 1/2¢, and May at 29 1/2¢. Sales by sample were on the basis of 24 1/2¢ for No. 2 mixed, 25 1/2¢ for No. 3 white, and 27 1/2¢ for No. 2 white. The receipts in the market the past week have been large, and as the shipping demand was light sellers were inclined to push sales even at the decline. At New York the week closed with oats a shade lower and very dull. Quotations there are as follows: No. 2 white at 34 1/2¢ @ 34 3/4¢; No. 3 do at 33 1/2¢ @ 33 3/4¢; and No. 3 mixed at 31 1/2¢ @ 31 3/4¢ per bu.; white western are quoted at 35 1/2¢ @ 40¢, and mixed do. at 30 1/2¢ @ 35¢ per bu.

A PROLIFIC SOW.—Mr. W. E. Milton, of New Baltimore, has a sow which he thinks can beat the record. She is now 25 months old, and has produced four litters of pigs; the first, 11; second, 13; third, 18, and fourth, 17, making 59 in all. She is a cross of the Berkshire and Suffolk.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

While the market is not so firm as last week, there is little change in note in values. Extra samples of dairy are in good demand at 12 1/2¢ per lb. above regular quotations. Prices quoted are 20 1/2¢ to 21¢ on good to choice d. dry, 16 1/2¢ to 18¢ for fair to good, and 24 1/2¢ to 26¢ for creamery. Receipts have increased, and the tendency is toward lower values in all grades of ordinary stock, both dairy and creamery. The pastures at the west have greatly improved, and the receipts are expected to show a further increase for the next two or three weeks. At Chicago the week closed with the butter market showing symptoms of weakness. Fine Iowa goods were in some demand, and all the packing stock and grease that came in were taken readily. Fancy dairies also met with a fair sale on local account. Quotations are as follows: Fancy set milk creamery, 21 1/2¢ per lb.; fine Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois do., 20¢; fair do., 18 1/2¢; medium do., 14 1/2¢; 16¢; low grades, 10 1/2¢; fancy dairies, 18 1/2¢; fair to good do., 13 1/2¢ @ 15¢; and ordinary fair to do., 11 1/2¢; common and packing stock, 12 1/2¢; grease, 9¢. The New York market has weakened somewhat under large receipts and a lessened demand from shippers. The Daily Bulletin of Saturday says:

"The market the past week has generally been quiet and the tone easy on all grades of butter, while during the earlier portion of the week the lower grades were held with a fair degree of steadiness; but for two or three days this movement has been less active, and exporters, who have of late been operating largely in the lower grades, appear to have become a little more cautious, apparently awaiting results from their late liberal shipments. A fair quantity, however, will go out this week, but mostly of goods purchased previously. Receipts have been rather large of the finer grades, both State and Western, and State creamery sales show a considerable accumulation. Strictly fancy fresh is perhaps a shade steeper at the close, and reaching 25¢ often enough to quote; but it is extreme, and average best to 2s are urging at every opportunity at 24 1/2¢ @ 25¢, and is so that were fancy on arrival but held a few days and slightly to its credit, fresh flavor is offering 10¢ less, less than clearing up. Western creamery has generally been freely offered at 21¢ for average finest grades, though at the close strictly perfect quality does not appear to be very plenty, and the tone perhaps a shade steeper. The Western packings, including imitation creamery, Western dairy and factory are all ruling more quiet, and the tone shows some loss of strength."

Quotations in this market on Saturday were as follows:

	Butter.	Price.
Creamery, State, fancy	24	25
Creamery, State, fine	23	24
Creamery, State, good	22	23
Creamery, State, fair	21	22
Creamery, State, low	20	21
Creamery, State, very low	19	20
Creamery, State, lowest	18	19
Creamery, State, lowest	17	18
Creamery, State, lowest	16	17
Creamery, State, lowest	15	16
Creamery, State, lowest	14	15
Creamery, State, lowest	13	14
Creamery, State, lowest	12	13
Creamery, State, lowest	11	12
Creamery, State, lowest	10	11
Creamery, State, lowest	9	10
Creamery, State, lowest	8	9
Creamery, State, lowest	7	8
Creamery, State, lowest	6	7
Creamery, State, lowest	5	6
Creamery, State, lowest	4	5
Creamery, State, lowest	3	4
Creamery, State, lowest	2	3
Creamery, State, lowest	1	2
Creamery, State, lowest	0	1

Western creamery, choice 21 1/2¢ @ 22 1/2¢; Western do, good to prime 17 1/2¢ @ 18 1/2¢; Western do, fine 18 1/2¢ @ 19 1/2¢; Western do, fair 19 1/2¢ @ 20 1/2¢; Western do, low 20 1/2¢ @ 21 1/2¢; Western do, very low 21 1/2¢ @ 22 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 22 1/2¢ @ 23 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 23 1/2¢ @ 24 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 24 1/2¢ @ 25 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 25 1/2¢ @ 26 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 26 1/2¢ @ 27 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 27 1/2¢ @ 28 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 28 1/2¢ @ 29 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 29 1/2¢ @ 30 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 30 1/2¢ @ 31 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 31 1/2¢ @ 32 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 32 1/2¢ @ 33 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 33 1/2¢ @ 34 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 34 1/2¢ @ 35 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 35 1/2¢ @ 36 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 36 1/2¢ @ 37 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 37 1/2¢ @ 38 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 38 1/2¢ @ 39 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 39 1/2¢ @ 40 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 40 1/2¢ @ 41 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 41 1/2¢ @ 42 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 42 1/2¢ @ 43 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 43 1/2¢ @ 44 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 44 1/2¢ @ 45 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 45 1/2¢ @ 46 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 46 1/2¢ @ 47 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 47 1/2¢ @ 48 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 48 1/2¢ @ 49 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 49 1/2¢ @ 50 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 50 1/2¢ @ 51 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 51 1/2¢ @ 52 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 52 1/2¢ @ 53 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 53 1/2¢ @ 54 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 54 1/2¢ @ 55 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 55 1/2¢ @ 56 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 56 1/2¢ @ 57 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 57 1/2¢ @ 58 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 58 1/2¢ @ 59 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 59 1/2¢ @ 60 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 60 1/2¢ @ 61 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 61 1/2¢ @ 62 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 62 1/2¢ @ 63 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 63 1/2¢ @ 64 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 64 1/2¢ @ 65 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 65 1/2¢ @ 66 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 66 1/2¢ @ 67 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 67 1/2¢ @ 68 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 68 1/2¢ @ 69 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 69 1/2¢ @ 70 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 70 1/2¢ @ 71 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 71 1/2¢ @ 72 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 72 1/2¢ @ 73 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 73 1/2¢ @ 74 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 74 1/2¢ @ 75 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 75 1/2¢ @ 76 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 76 1/2¢ @ 77 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 77 1/2¢ @ 78 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 78 1/2¢ @ 79 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 79 1/2¢ @ 80 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 80 1/2¢ @ 81 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 81 1/2¢ @ 82 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 82 1/2¢ @ 83 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 83 1/2¢ @ 84 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 84 1/2¢ @ 85 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 85 1/2¢ @ 86 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 86 1/2¢ @ 87 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 87 1/2¢ @ 88 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 88 1/2¢ @ 89 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 89 1/2¢ @ 90 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 90 1/2¢ @ 91 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 91 1/2¢ @ 92 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 92 1/2¢ @ 93 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 93 1/2¢ @ 94 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 94 1/2¢ @ 95 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 95 1/2¢ @ 96 1/2¢; Western do, lowest 96 1/2¢ @ 97 1/2¢; 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Poetry.

NOT GLAD, NOR SAD.

You sang a little song to-day,
It was not sad, it was not gay;
The very theme was high and true;
Two lovers met, as lovers may.
They had not met—since yesterday—
They must not meet again—till morn!
And did they meet again, my dear?
Did morning come and find them here,
To see each other's eyes again?
Alas, on that you are not clear.
For hearts will shift as winds will veer,
And Love can veer like any vane!

Ah no, I think some sudden crash,
Some bitter spite befell their days;
What was that plaintive minor key?
No more together lie their ways.
Remote, perhaps the love strays,
Perhaps the lady comes no more!

So strange the numbers sob and swell;
No, there's no guessing what befel;
It is the sweetest song you sing!
Not sad, and yet—I cannot tell—
Not glad, and yet—its very well—
Like Love, like Life, like anything!

—Macmillan's.

GOOD NIGHT.

God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night,
Rest close in His enfolding arms
Till the light.

My heart is with you as I kneel to pray:
Good night! God keep you in His love always.
Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
A round my head.

I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes creeping 'round the window bars
A silver gleam gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong
To trust you thus, dear love—as yet
The night is long.

My with throbbing heart the old fond prayer,
Good night! Sweet dreams! God keep you
Everywhere.

—Edwin C. Lyon.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Livingstone's Grave.

In Sir Harry Drummond's thrilling narrative of his explorations in tropical Africa, read before the Chautauque summer school, he gives the following touching description of the grave of the heroic wife of the great explorer Dr. Livingstone:

We struck across a low neck of land, and after an hour's walk found ourselves suddenly on the Zambesi. A solitary hut was in sight, and opposite it the boat which had come to take us up the Shire. There is more in the association, perhaps, than in the landscape, to strike one, as he first furrows the waters of this virgin river. We are fifty miles from its mouth, the mile wide shallow and brown, the low, sandy banks fringed with alligators and wild birds. The great delta plain, yellow with sun-tanned reeds and sparsely covered with trees, stretches on every side; the sun is blistering hot; the sky, as it will be for months, a monotonous dome of blue—not a frank, bright blue like the Canadian sky, but a veiled blue, a suspicious and morbid blue partly due to the perpetual haze, and partly to the imagination, for the Zambesi is no friend to the European, and the whole region is heavy with depressing memories.

This impression, perhaps, was heightened by the fact that we were to spend the night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low, ruined hut with a broad veranda shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told now neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long, dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and remains of native life betraying its latest occupants. Turning to the right we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Morumbia Mountains, filled the room with its soft glow and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening, twenty years ago, when in this same bedroom, at this same time, Livingstone knelt beside his dying wife and witnessed the great sunset of his life.

Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle-grass and trodden by the wild beasts of the forest, and as I looked at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's marble tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love, which brought her to a spot like this, might not be less worthy of immortality.

Boys and Girls of Pioneer Days.

The Hon. I. D. Nelson in his address on the occasion of the thirty-first annual reunion of the old settlers of Carroll County, Indiana, says: "No great amount of foolish etiquette that makes so many people miserable in these days was indulged in or recognized. The people did not make themselves unhappy because of a little grammatical blunder or misspoken word. The boys always expected the girls to be ready to go on short notice. No two or four hours, with the aid of a maid, were indulged in to get ready for a party. On the other hand, the boys fed the pigs and did the chores after the day's work was over; and the girls quit the spinning-wheel, milked the cows, and washed the dishes. Thus in joyful glee all parties were soon ready and off to an 'apple slash,' a quilting, or a wedding. No question was asked next morning at the breakfast by those who said at home how such and such a one was dressed—nor was it told that he or she 'looked frightful.' There were no back-bittings and jealousies, but all would exclaim that they had a glorious good time. There were many weddings in those days, and but few divorces. There were no broken banks or embezzlements, and no public or private defalcations. Robberies and suicides very rarely occurred, and there was no poverty amounting to degradation, nor equal, vice, and shame such as stalk abroad at the present day. Tramps were unheard of, and strikes and boycotting were things unknown."

Adventures of Tad;

OR THE

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT TO SEA," "PAUL GRAYTON," ETC.

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Young Timmy thought it might be the sailor's false imprisonment; she remembered to have heard that such things were done sometimes, while Tad shook his head in silent bewilderment.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Captain Flagg, pointing his topic, so to speak, by touching the end of one stumpy forefinger with the tip of the other, and speaking with intense though quiet enjoyment, "he put it like this: 'James W. Dunn, my client,' he says, 'claims pay at the rate of five pounds a day for the use of his wheel, during' eighteen-months voyage. It's his wheel, isn't it? he had to pay for it, and there's the name on the rim. The ship's had the use of it all this while, and a ship can't get along without a wheel no better'n without a compass,' says the lawyer, 'and you can settle it right now, or else we'll take it up to the admiralty court.'"

"Wasn't he smart! and did the owners have to pay it?" exclaimed and questioned Polly in the same breath. Captain Flagg nodded an affirmative. "And so the sailor got a big lot of money?" put in Tad, as an interrogative.

"He got what the lawyer left, most likely," returned Captain Flagg, rather dryly—which slight reflection against the legal professions was, fortunately, not understood by his hearers. "The sun disappeared behind the ocean rim, and after supper the side-lights were put out, and Tad instructed as to the duties of a lookout; for now the "Mary J." was headed right out toward the open sea, which looked terribly dark and cold to Tad's astonished eyes, particularly as there was no such thing as a sign of land anywhere to be seen, excepting the low sandy cape shores across, which were fast disappearing in the distance and increasing darkness.

Before sending the youthful mariner for aid, Captain Flagg called him below, and gravely commanded him to put on some well-worn under-flannels, several sizes too large, which, however, Tad found very comfortable, a pea-jacket, within whose capacious folds three or four boys of Tad's dimensions could have been buttoned, and a large fur cap, which, only for resting on the rims of his ears, would have completely extinguished him.

"You don't look so stylish as you might," Captain Flagg acknowledged, after Tad had effected the required change, "but sailors go in for comfort, not style," with which assurance Tad—conscious that he looked rather funny, to say the least—was fain to be comforted. Indeed, the most that troubled him was the fear that Miss Polly might possibly laugh when he ventured on deck. But, though Polly had been brought up in the country, she had too much natural politeness to laugh; yet it must be confessed that the depths of the deep sun-bonnet hid a dimple or two, as Tad waddled forward, wondering what the matter could be with the water to make the vessel tumble about so.

Darker and darker grew the night, the wind sounded more and more dreary, the vessel tossed about in what seemed to Tad a terribly dangerous manner, while he began to feel an unpleasant nausea, which recalled his first and last experience in trying to smoke a five-cent cigar.

"I wonder if I ain't going to be seasick," thought Tad, with a terrible sinking sensation in the neighborhood of his stomach. It was fortunate that none of the far-away dots of red and green, which represented the lights of distant ships, came very near the track of the "Mary J.," for the unfortunate lookout very soon became insensible to every thing but his own sufferings.

When Eph came forward to strike the bell, poor Tad was whooping over the rail, in all the agonies of sea-sickness, which was not made a particle less painful by Eph's assertion that it wasn't nothin' killin'—he'd soon get over it. Meanwhile—

"The storm grew loud apace,
The water wrath was shrieking."

And as Captain Flagg glanced at the compass and the sky, he expressed a wish that he'd "come to anchor in the lower bay, and hung on till mornin'."

But while availed nothing, now that the "Mary J." was well out to sea, with the March wind blowing half a gale offshore. And as the next best thing to being anchored was laying the schooner to, the Captain shouted as a preliminary warning:

"All hands! come tumbling aft—that is, Eph and G. Washington Jones did. Tad himself was already there, having crawled into the very centre of a big coil of rope, where he huddled down as in a big bird's-nest, groaning and sighing, and occasionally faintly calling upon some one to cast him into the depths of the sea. Captain Flagg was on the quarter-deck, too, his heavy gum-boots seeming to appear in half a dozen places simultaneously, as he pulled, and hauled, and shouted, in the ensuing operation of reefing, while Polly, enwrapped as to her slim form in a sort of feminine storm-coat of water-proof cloth, which buttoned tightly about her, and an oil-skin hat fastened under her plump chin, stood holding the wheel, in obedience to her father's cheery commands.

All that took place was to Tad's bewildered mind a terrible complicated experience. He knew that while the "Mary J." was pitching and tossing and rolling in all sorts of ways, the sails were lowered part way down the mast, where they hung banging and slapping in a most exasperating manner. And he was dimly conscious of seeing Eph's long legs astride the



AN ATTACK OF SEASICKNESS.

boom-end, waving hither and thither, as he tugged at a rope, while Captain Flagg and George Washington performed the most unheard-of prodigies of seamanship, as despite the struggling and belling of the stiff canvas, they contrived to tie it down to the boom, so that when the sails were hoisted up again, they were not nearly as large as before.

And then waxing bold, the gallant old sea-dog, Captain Jethro Flagg, decided that, instead of lying to till morning, he would—to use his own nautical expression—"keep her a-jogging to the north'ard and east'ard."

So all through that eventful night the "Mary J." pursued her billowy course, while poor Tad, in a sadly demoralized state of mind and body, lay nestled in the coil of rope I have mentioned, feeling, even in his deathly sickness, oh, so ashamed that Polly, a girl, not quite as old as himself, should show such courage, while he, a lubberly boy, couldn't even offer to do the least thing to keep the vessel from going straight to the bottom of the sea! But I, myself, don't think there was any thing very strange in the matter. It was Tad's first experience, and sea-sickness, like conscience, makes cowards of us all. The Atlantic Ocean is a terrible fellow to take the courage out of a landsman, when it gets on a sort of rampage; and I don't wonder that aesthetic Mr. Oscar Wilde, with his fastidious tastes, should shudderingly declare that he was disappointed with it. But I believe that, in spite of this severe criticism, the Atlantic goes right on roaring and dashing, and swallowing up ships, and making people sea-sick, just as it has been doing for ever so long.

Tad couldn't be persuaded to go below. He thought that when the vessel did come to go down, he would perhaps stand a better chance on deck—though, it is true, he couldn't swim a stroke. And as he lay there all night long till sunrise, his sickness began to abate a little, as did also the stiff westerly breeze which, coming further from the south, gave the "Mary J." a perfectly fair wind for her home-bound passage. They were all so kind, when, quite dizzy and weak, Tad managed to stagger to his feet, like a fly thawed out by the warm rays of the morning sun, which dried up the wet deck, and made the waves of the great blue sea all about them sparkle with gladness. George Washington got him some hot coffee, and said he was glad to see him "condescend." Captain Flagg, who looked quite fresh and hearty in spite of having been up all night, smiled broadly, telling Tad that he'd got over the worst of it, and would be in to get his sea-legs in a jiffy. Eph grinned at him over the top of the wheel, and proffered the use of his jack-knife, if he (Tad) wanted to whittle. Polly glanced at him demurely, and Bounce lapped the ends of Tad's extended fingers. On the whole, Tad didn't feel nearly as badly regarding his humiliation as he had expected to; but all his bright visions of the pleasures of seafaring life had been swallowed up in the darkness and terror of the night before. He was not intended by nature for a sailor, and now Tad's greatest desire was to set his foot on dry land again. I know that, in contrast with the average boy of juvenile fiction, this sounds tremendously heroic, but I can't help it; there are "born sailors" and born landsmen, and Tad was one of the latter. One must take people and things as he finds them in real life. Yet, as Tad began to feel better, there was much to wonder at, and admire all about him. Far away on the port hand was the distant coastline, dotted here and there by the white shaft of a light-house. To starboard, the ocean rolled on and on, till its waters washed the very rim of the great arching dome of blue which came down to meet it. On every side were the sails of passing vessels, and beautiful beyond compare was the sight of a handsome ship, with all drawing sail set, standing in for Boston Light, heading almost directly for the schooner. On she came, with her yards braced sharp against the back-stays, throwing the sparkling foam from the cutwater in great swaths, that swept along her glassy sides and formed a creamy track astern. As the stranger was passing so near, Captain Flagg hailed her through an immense tin speaking trumpet.

"What ship's that, and where from?" "Ship 'Scoloo,' a hundred and thirty days from Calcutta—what vessel's that?" bellowed back the Captain, who was standing by the weather mizen rigging, with his hand on a backstay.

"Schooner 'Mary J.' of Bixport; twenty-four hours out of Boston," bawled Captain Flagg, with a gracious wave of the hand; and Tad, who had listened to these nautical queries and replies with great marveling, wondered what made the Captain of the ship double himself up like a man with a sudden attack of colic, or like a person in an agony of laughter, as the great vessel went plunging onward toward her destination.

"Them that goes down to the sea in ships has cur'us experiences, Thaddeus," said Captain Flagg, laying down his big trumpet with an impressive nod of the head.

With a vivid recollection of his own experience of the previous night, Tad replied emphatically that he had no doubt of it.

"When you come to be a sailor, Thaddeus, and may be, a ship-master, like myself," pursued the Captain, feeling mechanically in his pockets for his pipe—which he discovered, a moment later, to be on the deck, in possession of Bounce, who was gravely dragging it away to the immeasurable delight of Polly—"an' you've gone through the responsibilities, an' dangers, an' typhoons—an'—things gen'ly," he rather hazily concluded, as he recovered his pipe from Bounce, "you'll realize that what Solomon says about truth being stronger'n fiction is just about as he's put it."

"But I—I—don't think I want to be a sailor," faltered Tad, with downcast eyes.

"What—not want to be a sallyer bold, and plow the ragin' main," exclaimed the Captain with a look of unutterable amazement.

"No, sir," faintly replied Tad. And as he thus spoke, he hung his head so far one side that the big fur cap fell off, and was immediately seized by Bounce, who began to worry it, evidently regarding it as some new species of the feline race, until, in the fervor of his attack, he fell into it bodily, and gave vent to small yelps, expressive of extreme fear.

It was some time before the Captain recovered from the shock occasioned by Tad's reply. That a likely boy should prefer a prosaic existence ashore, who had once tasted the pleasurable excitement of "a life on the ocean wave," passed his simple comprehension. But gradually yielding to Polly's artful arguments, Captain Flagg's brow began to clear.

"All right, my lad," he said, quite cheerfully. "I own I'm a bit struck aback, but seeing you don't take naturally to sailorin', there's no pressing nowadays to force you into goin' against your will. Only," remarked Captain Flagg, tilting back his oil-skin hat, and scratching his head reflectively, "I don't just know what to do with you, now you've changed your mind."

"I know!" suddenly exclaimed Polly, clapping her hands.

"Well?" asked her father, interrogatively.

"We'll find him a chance on a farm when we get to Bixport," returned Polly, confidently. "You'd like farmin'—wouldn't you, Tad?"

Tad nodded with growing enthusiasm. He knew that farming had something to do with new milk and fresh butter and driving horses. Whatever it was, it would be far preferable to going to sea. And so it was pretty definitely settled that Tad should be a farmer, provided he be able, through the Captain's influence, to find a situation.

When Tad came on deck at sunrise the following morning, sleepily rubbing his eyes, he rubbed them still harder, and, moreover, gave his elbow a sly pinch to make sure that he was fully awake as he saw the strange transformation that had taken place in his surroundings of the previous night.

For lo! in place of the far-reaching sea, green fields, alternating with forests of oak or pine, sloped down on either hand to the edge of a broad river as smooth and clear as glass on whose upmoving tide the "Mary J." was slowly drifting.

"Why-y-y," exclaimed Tad, staring about him in glad surprise, "where is this, anyway?"

"This is 'down east,' Tad," laughed Polly, enjoying his look of perplexity.

"Bixport's right ahead there, where you see the meetin'-house steeple over the tree-tops, yonder," said Captain Flagg, pointing ahead, "and I can tell you, Tad, when a man's ben facin' the dangers of the boisterous ocean as we sailors has to, the words of the poet Shakespeare—

"Home ag'in—home ag'in,
From a furin shore,
And oh! it fills my soul with joy
To see my true'n once more."

goes to the right spot." Tad respectfully replied that he was sure they must, and, at the same time, gave a little involuntary sigh as he remembered his own homeless condition.

"But, may be, I can get a chance with a real clever man, and, if I'm smart, save up my money, and some day buy a little house of my own," thought Tad, who had rather a hopeful disposition. And so, with the same interest that he had given to the sights on the great deep, Tad watched to him almost equally novel scenes on the shores which they were passing—scenes that, though perfectly familiar, were hailed with the enthusiasm of voyagers returning from at least a three years' cruise, by the entire ship's company.

"John Doty's got the same old whiteface cow" (he pronounced it "know") he had when he went away; he talked of swappin' with Ozias Nas'n, one spell," said Eph, as the schooner, drifting slowly with the tide, was borne within a cable's length of the shore, where a number of cows were browsing on the short pasture-grass, which grew down within a few feet of high-water mark.

"Square Hall's had the line fence 'twixt him and old Burton white-washed, I see," Captain Flagg observed, as he stood with his eagle eye glancing shoreward through the canvas-covered telescope.

And as the "Mary J." very deliberately rounded a densely wooded point,

aided by a light breeze which had begun to fill the schooner's sails, and the town of Bixport appeared in full view, even Polly recognized with rapture that the roof of the school-house had been newly shingled.

"For this and all other mercies the Lord make us truly grateful," said Captain Flagg, reverently, as he took off his oil-skin hat, in which it was popularly believed he slept while voyaging over the main.

This was his invariable form of thanksgiving, as soon as Bixport wharf was sighted, and with its utterance Captain Flagg dove into the cabin, there to throw aside, with his seafaring attire, the weighty responsibilities of the voyage.

Ten minutes later, as the "Mary J." neared the wharf, where half of the residents of Bixport seemed to have assembled, Captain Flagg reappeared on deck in his go-ashore suit, consisting of a tall hat, a crumpled suit of navy-blue, and low-quartered shoes highly polished. In a commanding voice the Captain gave the necessary orders for bringing the schooner alongside the wharf. Down came the dingy sail, and a half-dozen pairs of hands were extended to catch the lines thrown from the deck. Enthusiastic were the greetings extended to the ship's company, for the quiet of the little inland village had never been disturbed by the locomotive's scream or the sound of a steamer's paddles, and the arrival of the only sailing packet between Bixport and Boston was an event of considerable importance. There were on board at least three large boxes of dry good, a case of millinery, a hoghead of molasses, and other groceries in proportion, for Mr. Jones, the store-keeper; Mr. Allen, the minister, had a package of books; 'Zias Nason, a new harness, and Deacon Whitney, a mowing-machine—the first of its kind ever seen in Bixport.

Among those assembled on the wharf, Tad noticed a boy about his own age, dressed in a well-worn suit of tweed. He had curly hair, a pair of very laughing blue eyes, a turn-up nose and a freckled face. Most prominent in voice and action was this youth, who, upon catching sight of Eph, performed a shuffle suggestive of delight, and in a very audible voice called out:

"Hoory—three cheers for Ephraim Smith, First mate, second mate, crew and all!"

"That's my cousin—Joe Whitney," laughed Polly, as Master Joe proceeded in vigorous pantomime to express unbounded joy at seeing Polly, who waved her hand in recognition.

CHAPTER VI.
Joe was the first to spring on board; and it was evident that Joe Whitney was a youth of considerable vivacity, to say the least. He slapped Captain Flagg familiarly on the shoulder, saluted the grinning George Washington in a most hilarious manner, and, rushing frantically aft, seized upon Bounce with a shout of jubilation.

"I say, Polly," he exclaimed, "what a jolly little dog—only your order have him muzzled—he looks savage!"

"There's some boys I know that wouldn't be worse if they were muzzled," gravely observed Captain Flagg—rescuing Bounce from the hands of his nephew, who was preparing to stand the small dog on his hind legs—though he tempered the severity of this hint by a slight internal chuckle, and a wink of intense meaning.

"Not is that so, Uncle Jeth?" returned Joe, regarding Tad with a look of seeming apprehension. "He don't seem like one of that kind," added the youthful speaker, with affected innocence, as Captain Flagg turned away to hide a smile.

"Oh, Joe Whitney, you're just as bad as ever," Polly exclaimed, despairingly; and then, remembering that the polite usages of society called for a formal introduction, she added:

"Joe, this is Tad Thorne—I hope you'll be ever so good friends."

"How are you, Tad?" said Joe, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"How are you, Joe?" awkwardly returned Tad, who didn't very well know what else to say, and on the whole, rather fancying the easy, off-hand manner of Polly's cousin. But, then, every body liked Joe, as a general thing—even those Bixport people who insisted that if he was Deacon Whitney's son, he was the worst boy in the place.

Yet Joe's badness was nothing so very bad, after all. He was only one of those restless, fun-loving boys, who are never so well content as when they are in mischief; and neither the protestations of his mother, nor the occasional thrashings administered by the good deacon, had any thing more than a merely temporary effect.

"Did you come from Boston?" asked Joe, as Tad, with a home-sick feeling under his jacket, watched Polly and her father getting ready to leave the vessel, for, of course, he expected to have to stay on board until some different arrangement was made for him.

"No, from Philadelphia," returned Tad, and Joe began to regard him with a sort of respect; for Philadelphia, in the eyes of Bixport people, was one of the most wonderful cities in the whole world.

"Come on, Tad; we're all ready," called Polly, and Joe assured her that Tad was not more than a minute in running below after the little hand-sachel, which he determined not to let out of his possession, and returning to the deck.

"Isn't it nice that you're going home with us?" said Polly, as the little party of three walked up the wharf, leaving Joe swarming up the "Mary J." rigging, three rattles at a step.

Tad thought it was decidedly nice, and his smiling face expressed more than his brief words, as dropping behind Polly and her father, he followed them at a respectful distance.

"This is Main street," explained Polly, turning a beaming face upon him, as, leaving the wharf, they entered the village itself.

"Oh!" said Tad, filled with amazement, and thinking how funny it all was—the narrow plank walk, the grass growing green by the wayside, with cows—real live cows!—feeding on it! Tad caught himself wondering what a country cow would do in a Philadel-

phia street—say Broad street, for example! And then, too, every thing was so quiet. Occasionally a farm-wagon rolled leisurely by, or an ox-cart, with a brown-faced man, in shirt-sleeves, sitting sideways on the cart-tongue, jolted slowly along. Tad, who had never seen any oxen before, regarded them as a probable new and superior breed of cows.

At little intervals along the street, great elm and maple trees were growing—trees whose shade in summer nearly hid the quaint old houses behind them from view. Just now their branches were bare, but the warm April sun which shone down through them suggested that soon they would begin to throw out shoot and bud. Already some bluebirds and a robin or two were comparing musical notes in the tree-tops, as they discussed the shortest passages from the south, or began laying their plans for spring housekeeping.

A little further on stood the one store and post-office combined, then came the town pump, the school-house, a small church with a square tower like a sentry-box, and then—

"Our house," rapturously cried Polly, and, dropping Bounce, who waddled along after her as fast as his short legs would carry him, she darted through an open gateway and up a trim gravel walk, and was directly afterward infolded in the motherly arms of Mrs. Flagg, who was short and stout like her husband, and beamed so genially upon Tad, through a pair of brass-bowed spectacles, a moment or two later, that his heart warmed toward her at once.

"Our house" was a funny little one-story building with what the Bixport people call a "gambrel roof," making it seem to an imaginative person as though it were shrugging its shoulders with its hands in its pockets. The windows were small, with tiny panes of glass, and the front door, painted a lively pee-green, had a wonderfully bright brass knocker in the center of the upper panel. There was a weather-beaten barn at the rear, from whose open doors issued flocks of noisy hens, while a number of doves "coo-cooed" on the roofs in the sunshine; the little door-yard was overgrown with syringa and lilac bushes, and the two or three dilapidated flower-beds were bordered with large clam-shells.

Tad had a good chance to notice all this, because the Flagg's were some little time in getting into the house, as at every few steps Mrs. Flagg had to stop and speak of some bit of news, parenthesizing the same by giving Polly a hug.

Polly had certain Bostonian experiences to narrate—particularly the one where Tad and Bounce were prominent, and even Captain Flagg himself tarried on the doorstep a moment, to illustrate, by pencilled diagram on the threshold, the whereabouts of the "Mary J." when it came on to blow heavy from the west'ard the first night out.

But finally they all got into the dining-room, where Tad seated himself in a very uncompromising chair made to fit into a common and sitting on the extreme verge thereof, with his cap held in both hands resting on his knees, glanced interestedly about him, while the tongues of the others wagged unflaggingly—if I may be allowed the expression.

He soon made up his mind that the inside of the little house was as delightfully quaint as its exterior. In the first place, an oak wainscoting ran around the walls nearly as high as Tad's shoulder. All the furniture was black with age, and of the severest hair-cloth and mahogany order, for, like the house, it had been in being considerably over a century. In the corner stood a tall, pale-faced clock, that had monotonously ticked away a hundred and ten years, second by second. On the mantle were some sea-shells, a pair of china vases, and a small wooden ship, whittled out by Ephraim K. Small. And beneath the mantle was a large open fire-place, where the fire itself leaped up incessantly and rubbed its glowing hands together, with warm smiles that were reflected in the polished faces of the brass-headed andirons. Just such a fire as one likes to sit in front of when it is snowing and sleeting and blowing out-of-doors, and listen to tales of shipwrecks and storms at sea.

The talk went on interruptedly till dinner-time, and then came a meal, to which Tad did more than ample justice. He said afterward that he was ashamed to have eaten so much. But when a hungry growing boy is set down to cold beef, and hot biscuit, and fresh butter, and new gingerbread, with pie and doughnuts besides, what else can be expected?

After dinner Polly took Tad out to make the acquaintance of the pig and hens, while Mrs. Flagg cleared up the dishes, during which operation Captain Flagg, between the whiffs of his pipe, told Tad the simple story, and mentioned the boy's expressed desire to get work of some kind in the country.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Flagg, with enthusiasm in her voice and a dish-towel in her hand, "now if that don't seem providential like; Miss Smith ran up to bring some yeast this morning, and she was in a peck of trouble. Dan Crosby—you remember Dan—he wanted to go off to sea with you last summer?"

The Captain intimated by a grunt that he recollected the youth very well.

"Well, Dan had been working there for a year," the good lady went on, "and Miss Smith said she'd noticed he was getting dretful sort of uppish lately, and because she gave him a talking to for smoking sweet-fern cigars in bed, he told her he wasn't going to be ordered round by no woman, if he knewed himself, so he up and left, and she paying of him two dollars a week and board!"

"I'd given him something mor'n a talking to," remarked Captain Flagg, emphatically, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose to his feet. "I guess, Mary Jane," he continued, reaching for his hat, "I'll jest drift down to Miss Smith's and see how the land lays—if she ain't shipped any one, that's the very place for Tad." With which

remark the Captain rolled out of the door and down the street on his best oldest errand, while Mrs. Flagg, having finished clearing away the dinner things, took up her knitting for the time of the afternoon.

Meanwhile, Tad and Polly were wondering about the promises, offered by Bounce, who, being a city-reared puppy, seemed to find every thing a delightful novel and strange as did Tad himself.

"I never thought the country was so nice," said Tad, with an expressive sigh, as the two leaned over the gate fence and looked down the wide green street. An old-fashioned stage-coach, drawn by three horses, was rumbling along in the direction of the one here locally called a "tavern," which boasted of a room where General Lafayette had slept. Thrice a week this antiquated vehicle made the journey between Bixport and Middleboro', flourishing inland town, twenty miles distant—with the mails and an occasional venturesome passenger. Farther down, at the end of the thoroughfare, the masts of the "Mary J." outlined themselves against the sky, and a glimpse of Bixport river, on its way to the ocean, could be seen.

"I suppose you've lived here ever since you were born," continued Tad, a little wistfully. To have been reared in a peaceful home like this, with the loving care of parents continually about one, seemed to homeless, orphaned Tad the very highest happiness one could afford.

Polly opened her eyes very wide to dead.

"Why—don't you know? How has it?" she exclaimed, turning a wondrous face toward her companion.

As Tad hadn't the slightest comprehension of her meaning, he shook his head in silence.

"Of course, you don't, though," said Polly, recollecting herself. "You've got me," she said, soberly, touching Tad on the arm; and, curious to know her meaning, he followed Polly through the gate, and across the street to the house locally known as the "meeting-house lot." Behind the little weather-beaten wooden church, on either side of which stood a row of the elm-looking poplars, was the village burying-ground, into which, to Tad's great wonderment, Polly silently led him.

A short distance from the entrance to a flat, moss-grown tombstone, which raised upon two slight brick elevations at either end, on which, in almost illegible letters, were the words:

"Sacred to the memory of
DEBORAH SAYLES,
AGED 22,
Killed by Jay Indians,
June 27, A. D. 1734."

Sitting down on the old stone slab, a bench, Polly motioned Tad to sit beside her.

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Those who
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RETRIBUTION.

for a caution of boiling oil,
a taste of molten lead,
the sizzling sinner may sizzle and boil
and finally his head
trophically on his head

to his brothers in sweltering sweat,
a couple of fervid glances,
a scolding enough to-day for you?
a warm enough for me."

and toast, and dinner and roast,
and kilaile and burn,
and since till his soul will enrage,
his body to clinders turn.

the blistering heat of a furnace fire
the sizzling sinner may sizzle and boil
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French Peasant Women.

Max O'Rell contributes to *Harper's*
a weekly article on French women. Of
the peasant women he says:

This good, hard-working, thrifty woman
is the backbone of the country. The amount
of work she can get through is simply pro-
digious. You will always see her busy,
either working in her field, selling the pro-
duce of her little farm in the market-place
of the nearest town, or engaged about her
little household. Whether she takes her
cow to the field, or is on her way to town,
whether she is sitting behind her wares
waiting for customers, or in the railway
station waiting for her train, look at her
fingers busy on a pair of stockings. She
does not know what it is to be idle a single
moment. She trusts her savings to nobody.
Bankers, she thinks, company directors,
and stock brokers may be very respectable
persons, but when the old stocking is
swollen with five-franc pieces, she rounds
off her little family domain and buys a new
field—something she is quite sure to find
in its place when she wakes up in the mor-
ning. Her daughter goes into service and
makes a capital servant. Like her mother,
she thinks but one thing—saving her wages.
She does not get a new hat every month to
get photographed in it. She puts her money
in the savings bank.

Let me give you an example of her frugal-
ity, and allow me to take it from a personal
recollection. My mother has a household
which has been with her twenty-five years.
Not long ago, while in France, I took aside
the old servant. "I know how devoted
you have been to my mother," I said to her.
"You are not strong, and I dare say you
will wish to go into service again; but make
yourself easy about this. If anything should
happen to my mother, I shall see that you
are comfortable for the rest of your life.
But," I said inquiringly, "I have no doubt
you have something of your own by this time?"
Imagine my surprise when I heard
her tell me she had saved over 10,000 francs
(between \$2,000 and \$2,500), all well in-
vested, including one share in the Suez Canal
company. You must bear in mind that the
Suez canal was not made by big capitalists.
It was made by the savings banks of France
—by the "old stockholders," that is to say,
by the small bourgeoisie, the working people
and the servants. When we reflect that the
riches of France are derived from the econ-
omy imposed upon every French household
by the women, I might even say that the
Suez canal is the work of the French
women.

These same women of France did some-
thing grander than this. It was they who
redeemed their beloved country, and paid
off the Prussian sixteen years ago.

Mr. Stiggins Had Joined the Anti-Pov-
erty Society.

Mrs. Stiggins was sitting in her small but
tidy apartment the other night awaiting the
return of her husband, who had fallen into
the habit of hanging-out late. Suddenly
the door opened and in he bounded.

"I've done it!" Stiggins exclaimed ex-
citedly, throwing himself into a chair and
fanning himself violently with his hat.

"Done what?" exclaimed Mrs. Stiggins,
in a startled tone.

"No more of the down-trodden business
for us!" he went on triumphantly. "No
more poverty and suffering and sorrow to
live. No more."

"Mister Stiggins, what have you done?"
cried Mrs. S., thoroughly alarmed. "Have
you gone and robbed somebody?"

"Penury, avaunt!" cried Stiggins,
springing to his feet and striking a heroic
attitude. "Low, groveling want, get thee
gone. We are emancipated. Who-o-o!"

"Do, do tell me, Mr. Stiggins," whined
Mrs. S., wringing her hands, "what has
come over you?"

"Nothing has come over me, but I have
come over impecunious fate; and I have
come over the carking cares of penury; in
fact I've come over to tell you—"

"What, for heaven's sake?"

"I've joined 'em!"

"Joined? Who, what?"

"The new crusade. The Anti-Pov-
erty Society!"

"What's that?" said Mrs. S., whose mind
was all in confusion.

"What is that? Why, it is the society
for driving poverty out of the land and tak-
ing possession of the land. Through its
operation everybody will be made rich. We
shall have our own carriage and ride in the
park, and go to Saratoga. Not this sum-
mer, perhaps (waving the pleasing prospect
away for the moment), for the season is
late advanced, but ultimately. It's aston-
ishing how many things we shall have ul-
timately."

"Who's going to do all these things for
us, ultimately?" asked Mrs. S., her eyes
opened wider and wider.

"The Anti-Pov-erty Society, of course.
See here's my certificate of membership.
Received of Joseph Stiggins five dollars
for a life membership in the Prevention of
Cruelty to Poverty."

"Cruelty to Poverty?"

"No, no. You see I am a little excited,
but no wonder. I've been poor all my life,
and now I'm to be opulent—rich. See—
life membership in the Society to abolish
Poverty. Signed, Henry George."

"But who is Henry George?"

"Great heavens! woman, are you so ig-
norant as to ask that? Have you never
heard of Henry McGlynn and Dr. George—
I mean George Glynn and Dr. McMen—d—n
it, I'm all mixed up to-night, but you can
read about them in the morning paper."

"You've paid \$5 to join their society?"
asked Mrs. S., mournfully. "All your week's
wages?"

"Hem—well, yes," stammered Stiggins,
but \$5 is cheap enough to have a man's
pov-erty abolished, ain't it? Confound it,
woman (warning up), do you expect men
to leave their regular business to take care
of itself and go about the country abashing
poverty at ten cents a head? I have a
stock of poverty on hand that has been ac-
cumulating for years, and can I expect to be
relieved of it for the price of a glass of beer?
Nonsense."

"But, my dear," urged Mrs. Stiggins,
timidly, "if you have paid in all that money
to the society how are we to buy provisions
for next week? Who is to provide—"

"Provide?" interrupted Stiggins, wrath-
fully, "doesn't the constitution of our so-
ciety provide that there shall be no more
want—that poverty, which has so long
stalked through the land, shall quit stalking

and adopt some other and less objectionable
form of locomotion? We have our by-
laws," added Stiggins, proudly.

"We have no bread in the house," mur-
mured Mrs. Stiggins.

"As Henry George remarks, 'The pa-
tience of the people is exhausted.'"
"So are our potatoes," sighs Mrs. S.

"We shall get our rights at last," Stig-
gins continues to quote.

"But how shall we get our breakfast?
You have given your last cent to this society
that's going to make everybody rich, as you
say, but how are we to get our marketing?
Who will support us until we get our share,
Mr. Stiggins? I can't understand it at all,"
said Mrs. S., in a despondent tone.

"No, you don't, and what's more you
never will understand anything. We must
trust our future in the hands of Mr. George.
There's a meeting of the society tomorrow
forenoon, and I must be there."

"But ain't you going to work tomorrow?"
"Work? Who's going to work? What
do you s'pose I joined the society for?
What's the use of abolishing poverty if a
man's got to work? I tell you we'll have
no more poverty and no more work, either.
That's the motto we've inscribed on our
cha. lot of reform and nailed it to the mast!"

Mr. Stiggins went off to bed in a high
state of exaltation, while Mrs. S. sat up try-
ing to "figger" out how she was to get
breakfast together in the morning.

The Vigilance Committee and the Preach-
er's Sermons.

A young man who recently graduated from
an eastern theological school went out to
Murray, in the Curd d'Alene country, to
take charge of a church. The largest gath-
er-ing hall in town was cleared for his ac-
commodation the first Sunday one table on
which Spanish monks was usually de-
signed for him to stand behind. A large
stock register was laid upon this, which
was supposed to represent the Bible. The
whole town turned out and the young divine
preached a powerful sermon. In the evening
denounced gambling, horse-racing, drink-
ing and profanity. That afternoon he was
called on by a committee of leading citizens,
one of whom said:

"Partner, there's a little matter we'd like
to talk over with you. I am chairman of the
Vigilance committee."

"Is it possible?"

"Mighty possible, Captain; the cussedest
possible thing you ever seed. Wot we come
here to say is this. We don't approve o' your
preaching."

"I am very sorry that such is the case, but
I can't see how I can change it."

"Can't they? Well I reckon you'll hev to.
Ye've got to let up on hollerin' 'agin gam-
blin', an' horse racin', an' swearin' an' likin'.
Them things air all 'lowable here, an' air
highly recommended by the leadin' citizens,
an' the clergy has got 'er git interline. As a
committee we moseyed up here to warn ye,
an' 'aint our style to warn more'n once."

"But, my dear sir, what can I preach
against—I must denounce something."

"What can ye preach ag'in? Well, I swear!
Hain't there wickedness 'nough in this coun-
try 'bout goin' outer yer way to
jump outer sich things? Preach ag'in boss
stealing and jumping mineral claims uv
course. Rip 'em up the back 'an' tramp on
'em. There's original sin—teach that up
once to 'em. Jas' define sinners to these
hears and the boys will jes' crowd in to
hear an' cheer you every time yer make a
good pint."—*Omaha Republican.*

Bill Arp's Portiere.

I had rather work on a hot day than play
cards or base ball or read a sensational
novel. It is fortunate for me that I love
work, for I'll always have plenty of it to do
as long as Mrs. Arp lives, and her children
are nearly as bad. Right now they are
waiting for me to make some octagon steps
to put their flowers on, and if there is any
more troublesome job I don't know it.

It takes mathematics and science and lots
of work to make these octagons and octa-
gons. They saw one somewhere, and so I've
got to fix it. I ordered a single door from
the parlor to the new dining-room; while I
was gone they jugged with the carpenter
and made him put large double doors with
some whinnididdles all around and a fine
moulted lock with gilded knobs, and of
course I surrendered. The carpenter found
out the very first day who was running the
domestic machinery, and he acted accordin'.

Not long after these double doors were fin-
ished there was a small, long box came from
New York by express. If quilting frames
had not been abolished I would have thought
they were in the box, and so when it was
sent up, with the charges all prepaid, I was
told that it was a "portiere"—and had
cost me nothing but it was a present from
one of the boys. I stood off at a respectful
distance and watched them open it, for I
had never seen a portiere and had some dig-
nified curiosity. It proved to be some con-
traptions for that double door, and after
they had it all fixed up and suspended to
the long rod with silver hooks and parted
in the middle with silver chains, it did look
mighty pretty. They said it was made of
shakel or some such m'erial and was all
the style now. I notice that when we have
company to dine or take tea, and the com-
pany to the piazza, they are taken through
the portiere every time, though it is nearer
through the hall. When the big doors are
opened and the portiere drawn gracefully
aside they say it presents a beautiful vista
to look clear through the dining-room win-
dow. They have alluded to the vista several
times, but I have been unable to find it. An
old dilapidated kitchen that we don't use
is in sight of that window, and that is all the
vista I see. Women have an eye for the
beautiful, and I reverence their taste, but
sometimes it takes me a week to discover
the esthetic and fall into raptures over it.

Bill Nye on the Indian Question.

Sig. Colorow is of Indian parentage and
his lineage, such as it is, is very long. His
ancestors run back as far as the earliest dawn
of the Christian era. They claimed the land
extending in a southerly direction from
the North Pole, and seemed to ignore the
fact that it had been sold for taxes. The
Indian has always been in favor of repre-
sentation without taxation, and Colorow has
believed in a community of grub, allowing
the white man to retain a controlling interest
in common well-browed toll. He has always
been willing to divide his bread with the
pale-face. He has offered, time and again,

to give the white man the bread that was
sweetened with honest sweat, while he too
his plain. He says that to prefer bread
that tastes of perspiration shows a depraved
taste.

Colorow has for years been a terror to the
people of Northwestern Colorado, Eastern
Utah and Southern Wyoming. Every
spring it used to be his custom to stroll into
North Park and prospect for prospectors.
Once he came to call on me. He had been
there longer than I had and so, of course
it was nothing more than etiquette that he
should call on me.

He seemed to enjoy his call very much.
I could not think of anything to say, though
generally I am of a bright and happy dis-
position. After I had asked him how his
mother was, I could not think of anything
else to interest him. Finally I thought of
Capt. John Smith and how he amused a
hostile band by showing them his compass
and new suspender. I had no compass,
but I had a new watch which I carried in a
buckskin watch-pocket, and I thought I
would show him the sweep-second and fly-
back and let him see the wheels go round.

When Colorow is captured, if the United
States of America have no use for that
watch, I would be glad to have it returned
to me at No. 32 Park Row, New York.

Colorow is a man of few words. I will
never forget what he said to me when he
went away. He held up two fingers and
said in a voice that did not seem to waver:

"Mebbe so, two sleeps more, you git out."
I sometimes think that when a man says
very little more are apt to take an interest
in what he says. It was so in his case. I
got to thinking over his remark after he had
gone and I decided to accept his generous
offer.

He had given me two sleeps; but I do not
require much sleep anyway; when I thought
about Colorow and his restless manner
while he was my guest I could not sleep so
well as I had formerly, and so I have been
doing the most of my sleeping since then in
a more thickly settled country. I remember
I was so restless that last night that I walked
feverishly about. I walked feverishly about
twenty-five miles, I judge, in a northerly
direction.

I left a small but growing mine there at that
time in charge of the Utes, and hope they
used it judiciously.

The Queen's Kitchen.

In the Queen's kitchen is a book-keeper
to give orders to grocers, provision and
other dealers; four clerks to aid him in his
work, a chief cook, four master cooks, two
yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks,
two roasting cooks, four scouers, three
kitchen maids, a storekeeper, two "green
office" men, two steam apparatus men, first
and second yeomen of confectionery, an ap-
prentice, three female assistants, an errand-
man, a pastry cook, two female assistants,
a baker and assistant and three coffee-room
women. There is an extensive wine cellar
superintended by a man of large salary, and
an army of officers engaged in various
departments suggestive of eating and drink-
ing. Plenty of servants to make work for
each other, and doubtless many of them
find plenty to do! But the wages the ser-
vants receive in the Royal household are
not large. We are told that even so gorge-
ous a gentleman as the Queen's footman has
to begin with a modest \$250 a year, which
in course of time may expand to \$400, but
no further. Perquisites, too, have been
abolished or curtailed. There is an allow-
ance of six guineas and a half for hair
powder and stockings; but each man has to
find his own blacking and boot brushes,
and to pay for his own washing. A suit of
state livery is said to cost \$600. They are
rarely used, and of course, rarely renewed.
When they are renewed, however, the old
garments become the perquisites of the wear-
ers, and the gold lace upon them is, of course,
of considerable value. The Queen has five-
teen footmen, and one sergeant-footman
with a salary of \$650 a year. Formerly the
sergent-footman or one of the six sergent
footmen was often promoted to the position
of page-of-the-presence, or of a Queen's
messenger, either of which was worth \$1-
500 or \$2,000 a year. But this practice has
gone the way of most of the perquisites,
and the position of Royal footman is no
longer sought for as it used to be.

More Money for Your Work.

Improve the good opportunities that are
offered you and you will receive more money
for your labor. Hallett & Co., Portland,
Maine, will mail you, free, full information
showing how you can make from \$5 to \$25
and upwards a day, and live at home,
wherever you may be located. You had better
write to them at once. A number have
made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital
not required; Hallett & Co. will start you.
Both sexes; all ages. Grand success attends
every worker. Send your address at once
and see for yourselves.

EX MAYOR THOMAS GRACE is a familiar fig-
ure around the City Hall even now. He
drops in occasionally to see how the new men
are running the machine. He was for a long
time Alderman, and was chairman of the
Committee on Fire Department. The fire lad-
dies gave him the name of "Father Tom,"
and he is still familiarly known among the old
timers by that name.

One of "Father Tom's" friends tells a
story at his expense. While he was an Alder-
man he went over to Minneapolis and took
dinner at the Nicollet House. He had not
been there since the primitive days when
bills of fare were unknown in the Sawdust
City. The waiter laid a card before the St.
Paul Alderman, who looked at his friend with
a twinkle in his eye and said: "Take away
your newspaper and bring in a square meal
for an Irishman." It was brought.

That tired feeling is entirely overcome by
Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures an ap-
pites, cures the liver, cures headache, and
gives renewed strength and vigor to the whole
body. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla,
which is popular to itself. Sold by all drugg-
ists.

A SMALL boy not far from Boston was the
other day guilty of some outrageous mis-
chief, which he performed alone in a closed
room, but which was quickly brought to his
door. When his mother reconnoitred with
the youth he met her reproof by the bold as-
sertion:

"You didn't see me do it."

"No," she replied solemnly, "but God
did."

"Well," the urobin retorted, with an air of
contemptuous superiority, "I guess God
ain't going around giving away all He sees in
this house."

400,000 subscribers already! Why not make it a million? To introduce it into a million families, we offer the PHILADELPHIA LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

From now to January 1888—FOUR MONTHS—
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Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,
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Will Carleton,
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Harriet Prescott Spofford,
Christine Terhune Herrick

Parson Jinglejaw's Fish-Preserver.—
"Parson Jinglejaw, they tell me you're a
great fisherman."
"I'm 'on' er fish, yes'er."
"Do you catch them by natural or artificial

